1/28/72

Dear Jim,

I much appreciate the time and candor. I have always been aware of the string influnce ob my style of my childhood devotion to old-timey writers and their long and involved sentences and of what you note, that my writing style has tended to mime that in which i speak. i was not, however, of the extent to which it obscures. I have corrected a certain amount of this in reading the roughs before lil types them, but i now wonder how much or if enough. the passion i have long understood, it is just the way i feel it and having few enough years left to complete what is an enormous undertaking, I can't take the time to try and write it other than the way i feel it and then lose myself in it when reading it because it is the way I think. this is why for years I have longed to be able to have editing in the roughs and have never been able to get it. I have had occasional readings, nut little more. I have defanged some of the two earlier parts of PM and posted those corrections in the master there is so little chance of getting printed. I have not yet read the new last part. I am spending what time I can on putting it all together in case lightening does strike.

unfortunately, I have forgotten what i wrote of graham, but you have made the point that will stay in my mind for when i return to that, as before too long i will. i have forgotten, frankly, what i did write because i have been living this and other things and there have been so many developments, including from graham.

perhaps i failed in the intent with which i used the word urine. i was trying to ridicule. that the science of urology covers much more is certain, as is the fact that it does not address either the contract or any of the fact involved or suggested as involved in the assassination of its investigation.

you are quite right in suspecting that i am trying to cram much into this stuff. i still hear from people who are still finding new things in the first book. i am also aware that it would be better writing to limit content more. one of the purposes of long sentences is to say more without more words. but if it makes for obscurity, it fails in that, too. and part of the problem is, is think, no vanity, but reality. if I do not ge this on paper i see nobody who will and as of now, painfully, nobody who can. if you have foggotten, i have on several occasions made my passion explicit to the reader and asked him to consider whether it influences the accuracy of what i report or the judgement. i am not unaware of it. i had perhaps underestimated its consequences and at about 59 just can't force myself to reqork a book that under any corcumstances, no matter how I do it, has little chance of getting pronted when it is at the cost of completing another for which the prospects may be no brighter but which will at least get me closer to the end and with less on my back. however, with the epilogue for which i intended this, one the concept of which has changed with the new material available, i will see if in the writing i can reform a bit. alas, i am a renegade in every way!...if my hand stays this way, more swollen than it was but without real pain, I'll have to postpone the writing as events for the moment require anyway. Thanks for taking the time and for the wisdom....Powell: i think he said that during the hearing on him. Wallce is well know hereabouts and has had much space in the Post. I'll be enclosing a story on the Kissinger/Church appearance in DC that hardly does justice to what was aired. Kissinger on TV was really something. He was so funny I am now sure he is even more dangerous than I had ever dreamed....later. I'm interrupting typing to reduce the jarring of the thumb and I've had to do too much typing today. I have given this more thought than shows in the end product, and recently I've begin to wonder if I am learning more of the cause if not showing any benefit. Fw of those who think they know our problems have the faintest glimmer of their number and complexity, of which poverty is but one. I have been wondering of the frustrations of so many of these, beginning with the ruin of our farm and Lil's nerves by the helicopters, are reflected. Two years ago an anxeity complex was finally disgnosed in me when it was thought I was having a stroke or a heart attack. I got no sense from doctors or shrinks, so I've had to do much learning and thinking for myself, and I've learned from real experts not hung up as doctors are today, one a friend in a distant psychiatric institute and the other a clinical psychologist, oen of our young friends who was here recently, ned's frined. I have much of the whole thing yet to put together, but I have pieces and I am working with them. I have recently found, for example, that while I like very much and enjoy the visits of our young friends, those who intend to work and never do and those who dont and do, i was feeling impatient because I wasn't getting work done.

Aside from liking these young people and wanting to help them -and taking much time for it - if it amounts to little or nothing, they try to help us. Then I had two visits, one from a writer known earlier in correspondence and entirelt different in character - she has a remakrble sense of humor and wonderful anecdoates of Mexico and the Kaplan/Vidal case- and I felt more relaxed, less tense. Then the psychologist friend, who is but 25 but quite mature, with whom I had a long talk about the Ned matter and other things. I was surprised and pleased, by the way, when he urged me to have little to do with the former critics who have abdicated and to spend less time trying to help the coming generation of critics, ahem!!! And to stop trying to put out all the fires, which for a horse accumtomed to the engone is not easy. He reminded me that at a time of a particularly despicable campaign against me of a particularly nasty and personal nature by some of the LA nuts led by Lifton, I had said I thought I'd do better to become a hermit. He persuaded me that I should have, that there are some situations that cannot be coped with and they are best ignored for those that can be. The odd things is that beginning with the painful business of Ned I had begun to think this way again. It is foreign to my character and onconsistent with an activist role, but I suppose that on two scores it is sensible. It means I can get more work done, and in itself, regardless of the quality or lack of it, that is a kind of relief. And it reduces what I might term the active frustrations. Anyway, in the time I've had for thinking since he was here, I have been wondering if all this accumulation is what I show in the writing and what in some way I do not understand I address it in. To put it another eay, am I reflecting more than one passion? Am I in this kind of writing fighting other things, other "enemies", more than just fighting a corrupt society? As of now I am more confused about it than I was

Anyway, your honesty and candor comes at a good time. I think one of the lacks in our lives is genuine mature friends of our own years. We (I more than Lil) are spiritually closer to the younger ones and almost everyone near here is reactionary anyway. Those who are not plain stupid. As this thing unfolds I'll have moments I can think about how to handle and approach it. I am satisfied that I have slowed it down, but I am also satisfied that I have done no more, merely forced caution upon "them". So, when I can and as the light permits (I have shadows except in clear daylight that would show in offset photpgraphy), I'll proceed with the futility of preparing PM for the day that seems likely not to come and have that done before the epilogue. Lil has been too busy even to read the conclusuions. ...Perhaps one of the things on which I've had to work will tell you part of what happened to Frame-Up, an edited work, bu the way. They have been crooked as hell. Sfter threatening to get a alwyer they finally sent me a list of the charges made for what they cal, aithor's alterations. It is taking hours to check, but more than $300 is involved. To date I have found not a single legitimate one. They have charged me for their typos, the errors in their editing, for changes never made, for correcting their errors- even for adding first names on first mention where they eliminated earlier mentions without adding the first name. This we could and did discover only in indexing. Because I recalled clearly that I had made no chnages, anxious for speed, I had warned them of fraud. What is why it too the threat of going to court to get the "proof"-months and months of letter writing. It <u>is</u> fraud. Is it paranoid to ask why, with this history, they would dare it? If you were a publisher charged by an author with fraud, would you then prove it for the author by use of the mails? In this connection, knowing what I can expect from the federal government, I am fascinated by the interest of the NYCity district attorney in the Hughes/Irving case. If he can have a proper interest, there may be a faint ray of hope of doing something about it. I had thought that local courts could have no interest in interstate or international matters...The one mistake of mine that they corrected was a typo in Rickelshauses name. Repated five times only and with the contract calling for them to bear the first $100 od legitimate author's alterations. This accoints for less than $5.00 of that sum. The last one I found in working on this was where they charged me for the typo, "quesitons" (lit) the printer made!

So, again thanks. Best regards,